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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

A Semi-Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Education and Elevation of the Young.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 8.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1889.

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THE CITY ZURICH.

THIS city, containing, with the suburbs, some seventy thousand inhabitants, is one of the prettiest, and its history is as interesting as that of any city in Switzerland. It lies on the north end of the Zurich Lake and is divided into two parts by the Lim-

facture of silk. Many cotton factories are also situated in the city and in different parts of the canton.

The schools of Zurich enjoy a very high reputation, and for several centuries many of the most noted professors have obtained their education in the colleges of this place.

Beautiful gardens, pleasant walks, etc., are



mat river, which drains the lake. Its surroundings are very picturesque.

The Romans on finding this city gave it the name *Turicum*, by which name it was known until after the Roman power was broken.

The inhabitants as a rule are very industrious and are engaged largely in the manu-

abundant, while on the principal streets are to be seen buildings of a very fine order of architecture. There is, also, no lack of places of amusement, such as theatres, music and dancing halls, skating rinks, concerts etc.; nor is the number of beer and wine-houses very small.

The large cathedral, near the middle of

the city, is one of the oldest buildings. It is built in the unadorned Romanesque style, and is said to have been erected by the order of Charlemagne, whose image is now to be seen seated on the tower at the west end of the church.

The following incident is said to have led to the erection of this edifice:

In the year 800, Charlemagne was living in a beautiful palace on the banks of the Limmat river, within the limits of the city, and as there were persons coming to him nearly every day for his judgment in different matters, he ordered a post to be erected with a bell thereon, so that persons desiring his counsel might announce their arrival.

One day the bell was sounded, and, as no one applied for admittance to the castle, the king made inquiry as to who had sounded it. The guards were not able to tell, for although they had heard the ring, still they had seen no one pull the cord which led to the bell. Again the sound was heard, and the king not being able to discover the guilty person, ordered his guards to privately keep a strict watch on the bell.

After a short interval the signal was heard for the third time, and the astonished guards beheld a large serpent which wound itself around the cord and thus sounded the bell. They hastened to the king and told him what they had beheld. He came to the spot where the serpent lay, and the reptile, upon seeing him, bowed its head humbly, and then crawled towards the river. The king and his servants followed, and, after leaping over many rocks in their pursuit, they came to the nest of the serpent, which was partly filled with eggs, over which a poisonous toad was lying. This deadly animal was immediately killed, whereupon the serpent joyfully took possession of its nest.

The following day, as Charlemagne was seated at the dinner table, surrounded by his guests, the folding doors suddenly flew open, and the acquaintance of the previous day crawled into the room, to the horror

of the assembled guests, raised itself up and dropped a precious stone into the cup of the king; it then bowed its head once more to the monarch and retired.

Charlemagne raised his hands in thankfulness to God to thus have been taught by a much-feared animal what his duty was as a judge among his subjects, and, as a remembrance of the event he ordered the before-mentioned church to be built.

In the third century after Christ there were not so many different religions existing in Zurich as there are at the present time, because in the year 298 the Roman emperor, Diocletian, gave the command that all the subjects of his dominions should worship the old heathen gods. This a Roman legion, stationed in Zurich, refused to do, and they were all, therefore, hewn to pieces by the soldiers of the emperor. Among those killed were the noted martyrs, Felix and Regula, who were afterwards named as the protecting angels of the city.

Zurich was for a long time a bone of contention between Austria and other powerful nations, until such a point was reached that the inhabitants thought themselves strong enough to maintain their freedom, when they threw off the yoke of bondage, and with the help of allies were able to retain the position which they had taken. Not, however, without the loss of many lives and also an enormous amount of money.

C.

—•••—

LOVE OF GOD.—It is the nature of every artificer to tender and esteem his own work; and if God should not love His creature, it would reflect some disparagement upon His workmanship, that He should make anything that He could not own. God's power never produces what His goodness cannot embrace. God oftentimes, in the same man, distinguishes between the sinner and the creature; as a creature, He can love Him, while as a sinner He does afflict him.

THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

WYOMING. It is the name of one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. Poets have sang of its scenery, travelers and historians have dwelt on its natural splendor, and artists have lingered to paint the glories of its autumnal sunset. It was long claimed by the Indians of the Six Nations, but the Delawares, Shawnees and Nanticokes, and some other tribes, occasionally obtained possession. In 1742, Count Zinzendorf, the great apostle of the Moravians or "United Brethren" came to America, and the following year he plunged into the wilderness to preach their doctrine to the red men of the forest. It was while engaged in the work of their missionary enterprise that they penetrated to the wild though beautiful vale of Wyoming.

Hardy pioneers soon followed, and an active and industrious settlement was commenced. Flowers grew in profusion all over the forest, and luxuriant wild grape vines trailed among the branches of the trees, often covering the glens at the foot of the surrounding mountains and the coves along the placid Susquehanna, with an arching canopy of dark green leaves, intermingled in the autumn with rich purple clusters of fruit, ever a source of delight to the lover of the forest and backwoods.

A feeling of friendship and brotherly love is always a peculiar trait of early frontier life. At the commencement, it existed in Wyoming; and from morning till night the rustic songs of the merry woodmen, intermingled with the echoes of their axes, as they felled the tall trees of the grand old forest, rolled the logs and split rails to build fences where the ripening grain waved over the fields dotted with charred stumps, and wreathes of thin blue smoke rose in lazy spiral curls from burning log-heaps, and from the rude, old-fashioned stone chimneys of their log cabins, where the happy housewives plied their daily toil while their merry children chatted and built play-houses in the door-yard. No one

thought it low or unbecoming to labor, but all toiled alike, each in his or her respective sphere, and not because they were obliged to, but because it was their duty, and their love and pride revolted at the thought of idleness.

Such scenes, perfectly free from the tyranny of modern fashion and the turmoils of avaricious greed and strife, where true health, peace and happiness prevail, must be sought for in the little colonies; where men and women of sturdy mould and ambitious mind are not afraid to labor, even under difficulties and hardships, wielding the ax and plow, the loom and churn, and turning an honest penny, plodding onward and upward along life's road together, in friendly neighborhoods among the hills and backwoods where the bounteous hand of nature clothes the ground in all the beauties of terrestrial glory—where man is equal with his brother man, and love prevails—and where society is courted and cultivated for the good there is in it, and not for the shams of an outward show.

One would imagine as he passes along the level fields of the Wyoming valley of today, noting the abundant productions, the neat gardens and villas surrounded with ripe fruits and flowers, filling the balmy atmosphere with sweet perfume, and combining to produce upon the outward senses, sensations of all the delights of harmonious nature, could have no dark story to tell. And yet Wyoming with all its natural beauty has had its page of dark and cruel history.

In 1762, about two hundred persons arrived from Connecticut and settled just above where Wilkesbarre now stands. At first they lived friendly with their red neighbors, but ere long their wily foes thinking themselves offended, made a sudden attack and massacred about twenty persons. The rest fled in dismay over the mountains and through the forest to the settlements at Easton. The settlers were men of daring, however, and their first disaster did not overthrow their courage. They had suffered heavily, but like iron passing through the fire, it had tempered and strengthened their minds, and the enterprise

they had commenced could not be given up.

The valley was again repeopled, but a new foe, formidable in its character, arose to menace their happiness and undermine the foundations of their society. The Connecticut settlers claimed the territory under their charter from England. The Pennsylvania settlers opposed them. For a time fierce disputes raged, and insurrection and civil strife were threatened; but ere the trouble was settled, the flames of the Revolution between England and America burst forth, and they were obliged to reunite and join hands in the protection of their common country.

The entire white population of the valley at this time was probably some two thousand five hundred souls. The news of Lexington and Bunker Hill fired their souls with the mighty pulsations of liberty and patriotism, that like an electric impulse, was arousing the people from Massachusetts to the Carolinas. With their accustomed activity and vigor they raised several companies, which marched away to Washington, and to participate in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown.

The war for Independence had continued three years, and its effects began to be sadly felt in the colonies. Toward the latter part of June, 1778, Colonel John Butler collected his tory rangers and a detachment of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, some four hundred in all, and with seven hundred fierce Seneca Indian warriors from Central New York, prepared to descend the Susquehanna River upon the Wyoming settlement.

Reaching the head of the valley, they marched upon Jenkin's fort, which capitulated on the 2nd of July. A terrible crisis was now at hand. Nearly all capable of bearing arms were with Washington in the regular army, and the place was almost defenseless. A few rude forts or stockades had been constructed by setting logs on end side by side in circular ditches, forming an enclosure where the women and children might retreat in case of emergency. In the entire region, there was but a single cannon, a four pounder, kept as

an alarm gun at the Wilkesbarre fort, and this was without ball. But though they labored under difficulties, and against superior means and numbers, they proposed not to give up their homes and lives without a struggle.

Forty or fifty militiamen, with a half-raised company commanded by Captain Hewett, assembled at once. It was a signal for the general muster. Boys scarcely entering their teens took their places in the ranks, and their grandfathers, old and bent with age, and with their snowy hair flying in the gentle breeze, came forward to offer their services in the defence of their homes. Though weak in numbers, they felt strong in the right. They knew their cause was just, and they believed the God of battles would nerve their arms to strike the blow for home, kindred and country. They would have preferred peace, but peace was not to be had. There was no alternative. They must fight or die.

The brave Colonel Zebulon Butler took the command, and led them out from Forty Fort to meet the enemy. The field of battle was a level plain, mostly covered with scrub oaks and dwarf pines. The settlers numbered between three and four hundred; their right wing, commanded by Colonel Butler and Major Garret, resting on a steep bank at the base of the mountains, and their left, commanded by Colonels Dennison and Dorrance, extended to a swamp densely covered with alders and brushwood. A little after four o'clock in the afternoon the bloody work commenced. Gradually the British forces fell back before the steady fire of the settlers, and the gallant heroes of Wyoming pressed forward. But the odds was too great. Six bands of bloodthirsty Seneca Indians were massed under cover of the woods on the left, and now their time had come. With blood-curdling war whoops, they rushed upon the white defenders like the whirlwind. The men fell rapidly before the rifles of the red men, and ere long it became necessary to fall back and reform in better position. The order was mistook for one of retreat, and soon the men were rushing hither and thither in

wild confusion. Colonel Butler saw the situation, and his heart almost seemed to bleed for the settlers. Regardless of danger, he rushed between his own forces and those of the enemy and frantically exclaimed: "Don't leave me, my children, and the victory is ours." But it was of no avail. The battle was lost.

Now commenced the dread massacre. The unrestrained savages closed in about their victims and slaughtered them without mercy. The heavy thud of the tomahawk, and the sharp ring of the merciless scalping knife, mingled with the horrid yells of exultation, rang over the plain proclaiming their tale of death and woe. The fugitive plunging through the forest and across his clearing, pursued by a yelling band of war painted demons, beheld his home and stacks of grain in flames. In terror he paused a single instant, and then sank beneath a blow from his pursuers. In one spot, just back of Mr. Gay's house, near the river, sixteen men were formed in a ring, around a rock, and being held by stout Indians, a squaw went around with a knife and tomahawk, butchering and murdering them in the most inhuman manner. One of the settlers, a Mr. Hammond, concentrating all his muscular powers with an almost superhuman effort, broke from his captors, dashed away, and escaped. The rock is still shown, and is known as Queen Esther's Bloody Rock. A little farther on, nine more were murdered in a similar manner.

Terrible scenes and incidents occurred in every direction, and examples of heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice were met with everywhere. At night, the glare of burning buildings lit up the valley and reflected their red light upon the sky in many places. A black cloud of smoke rolled up over the forest, warning the fleeing settlers that their homes were but a thing of the past.

Who can paint the horrors and sufferings of the broken bands of fugitives during their long and fatiguing journey through the wilderness to the land of civilization? One hundred and fifty widows and six hundred

orphans houseless and homeless, fleeing in scattering bands like frightened sheep through the dark forest, with infuriated savages dashing hither and thither among them, braining one and scalping another, and rendering the night hideous by their whoops and furious yells, presented one of the most horrid pictures of war. Of all the brave heroes who went forth to battle for all they held dear, on the fatal afternoon of the memorable 3rd of July, only sixty survived. In one company of a hundred fleeing fugitives all but a single man were women and children.

Old, white-haired men put forth all their strength, and tottering upon their canes essayed to escape. The watchful eye of the savages espied them, and they fell beneath a blow of the unerring tomahawk. A dark form would bend over them with a dripping knife, and the next moment another gory scalp would hang dangling from his bloody girdle. With a piercing yell of mad delight he would then dash on after his murderous companions, to drag others from their hiding places and gorge themselves with blood and plunder.

But we forbear longer to picture the horrors of the scene. It was enough to appall the stoutest heart. Those who have experienced the work of savage warfare can only realize the horrors of an Indian massacre. Fond mothers clasp their infants to their bosoms, and trembling, hushed their feeble cries, fancying in the rustle of each leaf the stealthy tread of a lurking savage, and taking a last look at their smouldering homes, and the loved spot where with their husbands they had toiled so long and earnestly, they turned their faces in the opposite direction, and with courage and fortitude amid the pangs of hunger, starvation and fatigue, they toiled on for weary days, through dismal swamps and dark forests, appropriately termed the "Shades of Death," over the rugged Pekona Mountain, and on to Stroudsburg and other places, where for a season they found relief and rested.

The beautiful settlement was virtually ruined

and abandoned; and though a few returned, by far the greater number begged their way back to Connecticut, contented and willing to give up all their disputed claims, and remain in the land of civilization. Reader, this is no fancy sketch. The horrors of war cannot be painted too black. The dead bodies that lay festering in the forest all summer, proclaimed the double barbarity of the bloody deed, and seemed to cry in the ears of mankind, to brand the *tory leaders* of their own race with everlasting infamy.

One hundred years have rolled away. Wyoming Valley is filled with a rich and industrious population, church spires point heavenward, thriving towns and villages have sprung up, the steam-whistle echoes over the plain, and it is a world of enterprise and activity. The Indian warrior has long since passed away, though a remembrance of his cruel deeds remain. The bones of the unfortunate victims of the terrible massacre have been collected, and a beautiful monument marks the spot.

J. T. J.

IN THE SHADOWS.

THERE comes a time of passing through the shadows of every life. Even nature's beauty is shrouded in gloom, and the very sun is veiled. An awful silence thrusts itself between the soul and its God, and prayer finds utterance only in a pitiful moan. We have not the words of consolation, nothing save the voice of our great grief, which is born to us as an echo from the tomb.

'Tis the hour when mirth saddens and the busy world with its many diversions fails to solace or satisfy, and the weary soul turns to its God, finding there a balm for every wound. A heavenly light beams in upon the soul, and the shadows are rifted. They have become radiant with the light of peace from His hand who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Forth from the blackness of night into the glorious sunlight. How it enraptures the soul!

'Tis a new birth—cradled in the Rock of Ages.

Bright and glorious visions now burst forth on the sight, and faith grasps the promise of that life wherein comes no shadows—where it is always light. How true the maxim, "If there were never any clouds, we could not enjoy the sunshine." Thus it is that the shadows passing over the soul only prepare it to enter into the sunshine of God's love. So at the close of life, when the season of shadows will have ended, we will all be the better prepared to witness the glory "within the veil."

Then why shall we question, wherefore the shadows? But rather let us regard them as the harbinger of glad tidings; for they bear us around till we almost touch the wave which reaches the celestial shore. We almost hear the voices of our loved ones saying, "we are watching and waiting," and we feel the clasp of the Savior's hand. Forth from the shadows comes a living soul—a living, spiritual perception, such as only develops in passing through the densest shadows.

"ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS."

WE OFTEN hear of persons who are given to talking of what they have or could have done, and their imaginative and talkative powers are often swollen to such an extent that it makes them appear ridiculous in the eyes of respectable people. But if we take a searching glance at their extraordinary exaggerations and analyze them with care we will find that they are nothing but empty sentences. There are certain people who are given to the unwholesome habit of boasting, and they will have command of such language that if we were to listen to them, not knowing what sort of persons they were, we would naturally think they were speaking the truth. This sort of people will do very well for the unenlightened youth of the age, and more especially to those who frequent street corners, or some sequestered spot, where they

can expound to their heart's content to an eager crowd of onlookers. But when they talk to men of common sense, the flimsiness of their utterances is quickly detected.

Useless and idle words are not in accord with truth. They often remind one of the average "Cheap Jack," who, in bellowing forth his wares, generally enlarges upon their good qualities, and while speaking in tones of praise to effect their immediate purchase, will often get double the amount they are worth. The purchaser generally finds out when he gets home and puts them to use, how he has been sold. And he knows then that the goods are utterly worthless and that "Jack" is untruthful and a cheat.

Many people have been led wrong through gross exaggerations. And it is to be regretted that people cannot put a curb upon their tongues and imaginative powers. This wholesale system of deviating from the truth is contagious. It is also acquired by habit, and it should be abolished as speedily as possible.

Many a time has the bully been put to open shame and suffered decisive defeat when he has been talking of what he would do with regard to this, that and the other, and that too generally by one who has been less in stature and physical ability.

There are many cases that will tend to show the efficacy of the maxim at the head of this article. Could our great battles have been fought if they had been supported with empty words? Can any great object be undertaken and accomplished by mere talking? And can Congress today carry out its various plans which it may have in view by simply expounding them before the public? No; words should always be backed by action.

There are a great many people who do not view this saying in the light that they should. It is small, but at the same time a comprehensive one. It is not to be merely glanced at as something of little or no consequence, but it deserves a close scrutiny so that it may be thoroughly understood.

We should always try to prove to the world that we are men of action. For "by their

fruits ye shall know them" says the Bible. Actions are the deeds that are done; words, what might have been. There are a great many kinds of actions but they are generally classed under the headings—good and evil.

It is always pleasanter for people to do a good action than a bad one. For we know what a great amount of good we derive from a liberal deed. How it fills us with joy, and makes us feel happy. It instils in our hearts a goodly feeling toward our fellow-men. It gradually leads us on in the right direction, and we progress step by step, until finally we will be brought into the society of Our Father and heavenly beings. Whereas if we do a bad deed towards anyone what remorseful feelings gain possession of us, what an uneasy state our minds are in, for our consciences plainly tell us that we have done wrong in the sight of our Heavenly Father and the world at large. We know also that if we still persist in doing these wicked deeds that it will bring us down to the lowest depths of degradation.

We should consider these matters carefully, and always let our words be governed by our acts, and always let our actions be good and useful. Let us cast from us all useless, idle material and take up that stern solid stuff which will be beneficial to us in our every day duties.

The Latter-day Saints should set the world an example in this as all other good matters. They are instructed in the paths of virtue, honesty and integrity. They have daily the servants of God administering to them and tutoring them in righteous ways. And they should not be unmindful of those instructive lessons which they have had given them by our Father through his servants.

Let us take into consideration the old saying, "Look before you leap," in everything we do and see if we cannot overcome all bad habits. Let us not be given to speaking too many words on anything we intend doing, but let our actions proclaim that we have accomplished it. If we do this we will triumph over a great many difficulties which may arise in our way. *Watkin L. Roe.*

For Our Little Folks.

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

When I read your letter in the January 1st number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR I thought the spirit of doing good was not confined to one person or place alone, but that persons living quite a distance from each other might be actuated by the same spirit.

The primary association of our little town having a desire to do good, thought they would try to assist a young missionary who is now in Denmark, to bring a cousin of his, a little girl named Maria, to Utah when he returns home. To do this we got up an entertainment for Christmas eve, and gave an invitation to both old and young to attend and make a Christmas present to Maria. We did not charge any admission, but all who came were to give what their circumstances and feelings would permit.

We had an enjoyable evening and got eighteen dollars. When our stake president learned what we had done, she invited the other primaries to help us, and we expect to have enough to emigrate little Maria from her home in Denmark to Utah, where she can enjoy the blessings that our Heavenly Father gives to the children of the Saints.

There are two or three incidents connected with this little affair that I think worthy of notice: One little girl wishing to help, sold her doll which Santa Claus had given her on a previous Christmas for fifty cents and donated the money. A little boy, prompted by the same feeling, sold his Christmas present of the year before and freely gave the proceeds to aid the good cause.

A sister who has a family of small children to provide for and has not very much means, asked the Lord to send her a little money that she and her children might do their part. The little ones, also, every day asked their Father in heaven to send them money enough to help Maria. They asked in faith, nothing doubting, and sure enough about three hours before the time to go, the mail arrived, bringing a Christmas present of ten dollars. They thanked the Lord for His kindness to them and went to the entertainment joyfully and with an increase of faith in the Lord.

A young lady, a member of the Improvement Association, composed a song entitled, "Maria's Appeal to the Children of Utah," which we give here:

My youthful heart is yearning
To Zion's land to come,
And leave behind vain Babylon;
In Utah find a home,
Together with God's people
In unity to dwell.
And joyfully I'll whisper,
My native land, farewell.

CHORUS:

Then hasten, dearest children,
To lend a helping hand,
That I may come rejoicing
To Zion's chosen land.

With willing hands my parents
Have toiled both night and day
To feed and clothe their children,
When little was their pay.
And I have often wondered
Why some should riches own,
While others live so scantily,
In poverty they groan.

I've heard how Zion's children
Are taught in wisdom's way
To serve their Lord and Maker,
And all His laws obey.
Oh, how I long to join them
In their good home so free,
Where blessings rich from heaven
On every side they see.

I know 'tis very little
In God's work I can do.
My aim it is to serve Him
And to His work be true.
Dear Zion, happy Zion,
Oh, how I cherish thee,
And fain would I be dwelling
In thy land of liberty.
Oh, Zion's children, listen
Unto my fervent prayer,
And I will flee from Babylon,
Her plagues I will not share.
And in years which are to come
My gratitude I'll show
For loving acts of kindness
Which on me you bestow.

L. K. Y.

Look not mournfully into the past,
—it comes not back again; wisely
improve the present,—it is thine; go
forth to meet the shadowy future,
without fear and with a manly heart.

HUCKSTER JIM.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 155.]

“O JIMMY, when will you learn
to control your tongue? Why
should you have provoked the boy?
How do you expect to make others
respect you when you do not respect
yourself?”

“Nobody respects *me*. I never can
be a gentleman!” sobbed the poor
little cripple.

His mother was too wise to reason
with him. She drew his head to her
breast, and petted him awhile.

“Now come to supper, Jimmy.”

The supper was good, and neatly
served. When it was over, Mrs.
Ludlow lighted the lamp and placed
some books on the table. Jim, with
a bright face, sat down to his les-
sons. Mrs. Ludlow was an educated
woman, and was teaching the boy as
thoroughly as he could have been
taught in the grammar schools.

It was late before they put the
books away. Jim drew a handful of
silver out of his pocket.

“Something to go into the bank,
mother,” he said, laughing. “Our
capital grows.”

“Yes; but here is the capital,”
touching the books, “which will make
you the equal of any gentleman in the
land, with God's help. We'll ask for
that, Jimmy.” And they knelt to-
gether in prayer.

The very next afternoon, Carroll
Hutter, driving out to the Park, saw
the forlorn little cart and donkey in

front of him. He was peculiarly elated with a sense of his own consequence just now, as he was seated in a new dog-cart driving a pair of blooded ponies which his mother had presented to him a month ago. Yet the boy, with his dashing equipage and diamond shirt-buttons, was literally poorer as to money than Jimmy Ludlow. While his mother thought he was at the university, Carroll spent the days in billiard saloons. He had played away his last dollar that morning. He was afraid to ask for more, and was consequently in a savage state of ill-humor.

"Get out of my way!" he shouted, with an oath.

Jim had drawn up his cart to the sidewalk, and was giving a handful of berries to a half-starved child with a baby in her arms.

"That fellow," said Carroll to his companion, "cheats my mother by charging double price for his stuff, and then gives it to beggars."

Jim's face grew red, but he did not turn his head.

At that moment, an open carriage, drawn by a powerful black horse, came dashing down the street. A gray-haired old man and young girl were inside. The children shrieked, some laborers sprang after the horse, with a wild yell, terrifying him the more.

Carroll, in abject fear, though he was not near the horse, sprang from his dog-cart and ran to the pavement.

The carriage rocked from side to

side threatening to throw the girl out. At the end of the square the street crossed Fairmount Avenue, along which a train of steam-cars was rapidly approaching. Men and women on the street stood paralyzed with horror.

The horse had shied when it passed Carroll's carriage, and slacked its pace a little just then. Jim, the huckster, who had climbed from his cart as the horse slackened his pace, sprang directly in front of him, and capped an empty potato basket over his head. The animal reared, and then stopped a second, trembling, and wet with perspiration. The horse was seized at once by a policeman who was standing near, and the old gentleman alighted, and managed to fall as he did so, but scrambled up and helped his daughter out of the carriage.

A glittering stone dropped from his breast as he stumbled. It rolled into the gutter.

"Well, here, boy! You stopped that brute just in time!" he said to Jim, who was packing his basket in with the others. "Here! you deserve a gold medal! But perhaps this will serve your turn as well," holding out a bank-note.

"I don't take wages for that sort of work," said Jim, dryly, climbing into his cart.

"O papa," cried the young lady, "your diamond is gone!"

"What! what! It must have dropped when I got out of the

carriage. Tut, tut! One calamity brings another! Look about, men. I'll pay a big reward for it."

Two or three men and boys went groping and stooping over the pavement. Jim alone sat calmly watching them with a keen, anxious look on his face. At last Carroll Hutter, rapping his boot with his cane, sauntered to his dog-cart and prepared to mount. Jim stepped from his cart and ran to his side, and said, I saw you pick up that diamond! Give it back instantly," he said, in a shrill whisper, "or I'll tell that policeman, and you shall be arrested."

The boy's face took on a ghastly pallor. He stooped, pretended to pick up the stone, and then stepped across the sidewalk and gave it to the old gentleman.

"Aha! A thousand thanks. What reward can I give you?"

"Oh, *he* don't work for wages, either!" cried Jim, with a laugh, as he drove off.

Twenty years after that day, a tramp found his way to a great sheep farm in Texas. The ground was tilled with skill and intelligence. The large comfortable mansion, the outbuildings, the stately park, all gave evidence of refinement and prosperity. A gray-haired lady sat in the portico; one or two healthy boys were playing on the grass.

The dirty, half-drunken loafer was making his way to the kitchens, when a middle-aged gentleman came out of the house. He had a singularly fine

face, was strongly built, but walked with a slight limp.

The tramp stood still. "Who is that?" he asked one of the farm men.

"That's the judge, him as owns this place. Elected to Congress for next term. Thought everybody knew James Ludlow!"

"I thought so!" muttered the tramp.

"Who are *you*, stranger?"

The man lifted his greasy hat from his head, with a long breath. "I am Carroll Hutter. No, I'll not go in. That man's bread would choke me!"

And he turned his back and went on his way. The men had found different roads in life, and had chosen them deliberately.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. What request did Sidney Rigdon make of Wm. Marks, President of the Stake, on the afternoon of August 4th?
2. Was Marks in sympathy with Rigdon?
3. What did Dr. Richards propose?
4. What was Mark's reply?
5. How did he justify the haste in calling the meeting?
6. What did he design doing if the Saints had nothing for him to do?
7. Should the fact of an elder in the path of duty being a distance from his family deter him from taking sufficient time to attend to his duties?
8. What was the real cause of his desire to hurry matters?
9. How did the leading Elders feel about the matter?

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Satan's Efforts.



IF SATAN could have power he would destroy the Church of God. There is nothing to save that Church but the promises and aid of its founder, the Lord Jesus. It is impossible for men to build up the kingdom of God unless the Lord is with them. The reason the devil hates the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is that he knows that if it prevails on the earth, his power will be destroyed. He is opposed to righteousness. He does not want truth. His aim is to lead people to the commission of all kinds of sin, and he would destroy the human family in this way.

The gospel of the Lord Jesus gives men a knowledge of heavenly principles; it teaches them what is pleasing to God; it reveals the laws of exaltation, by obeying which mankind will be able to dwell in His presence; it teaches men to be pure, to be truthful, to be honest, to love one another; to cease quarreling, to put away strife and division, to labor for one another's interests, to dwell at peace.

If the principles of the gospel prevailed and were observed by all men, there would be no litigation, nor strife, nor hatred, nor envyings, nor jealousies, nor malice. There would be no wars, no one taking advantage of another, no one oppressing another. The earth would be converted into a heaven, if these principles were fully obeyed.

This is the purpose that the Lord has in view in restoring the gospel in this age. He has revealed this perfect system of divine truth, and with it the authority to administer its ordinances. The day is not far distant

when it will be obeyed so much that Satan will have no power over the hearts of the children of men, and he will be bound for one thousand years. During this thousand years the glory of God will be made manifest among men. We shall have heaven on earth. All the evils which Satan is striving to bring upon man will then cease, and righteousness and truth will prevail over the whole earth.

Satan understands that if the Lord's will is done by men, then his power over the hearts of the children of men will end, and this is the cause of his hatred to the work of God, and to His servants. He does not want God's will done.

If he had the power he would make this earth a hell, he would fill it with misery and woe. He encourages men to commit all manner of sin, and to practice every abomination. He would destroy virtue, he would do away with honesty, he encourages vice. Under his influence men lie and deceive and oppress and take advantage of one another. He fosters strife and division and hatred and wars, and everything that is evil, and those who possess his spirit and are led by him work to the same end. They would destroy the Priesthood of God, they would uproot and overthrow the Church of God, they would drive from the face of the earth the pure principles of the gospel.

We see this spirit exhibited towards the Latter-day Saints. The Latter-day Saints are striving to make the earth a heaven. They would like to live at peace with one another, and with all men. They would like to have their settlements filled with industrious, virtuous and God-like men and women. They would like to see their children trained to observe all the laws of God; to have no litigation, no contention, no animosities: and this has been the aim of the Latter-day Saints from the time the Lord first called them to gather together.

But what a change would be brought about if the wicked had power. They would introduce drinking saloons, gambling saloons and houses of ill-fame. They would like us to go to law one with another, to bring our

disputes before courts, instead of settling them peacefully and in brotherly kindness. They would like our children to be taught infidelity, to have no faith in God nor in His power. Instead of teaching children to pray, they would have them taught that prayer was of no use, for there was no one to hear and answer it.

These are the changes the wicked would make. They are far more numerous at the present time than the righteous, and because of this they hope to destroy the righteous but God will not let them do this. His word has been pledged to the righteous; He has made covenant with them to preserve and deliver them. That word cannot fail. Heaven and earth may pass away but God's word cannot fall to the ground unfulfilled.

Now, the Latter day Saints are only few in number, compared with the rest of the world, but the Lord is on their side. Heavenly hosts are with them. That power that causes the earth to revolve, and that preserves the universe, and causes the seasons to come and to go, and that regulates all the heavenly orbs, is on the side of the Latter-day Saints. The Lord is mightier than all the powers of earth and hell, and He can fulfill His word, and nothing can prevent it. He will show the inhabitants of the earth that He is able to do so, and to fully take care of and preserve His people who trust in Him.

At the present time the wicked are rejoicing in the prospect of speedily destroying the work of God, but how often have they done this during the last fifty-nine years, and yet the Church has been preserved and has increased in strength and in influence! The wicked have been disappointed.

So it will be at the present time. The Lord will save His people. He will not desert them in the hour of extremity; but at the very time when the wicked are indulging in glee at the thought of their success they will meet with terrible disappointment. Their hopes will be blasted, and they will continue to fall before the power of an offended God. New opponents may arise

and repeat the same course, only, however, to be overthrown like their predecessors in the unholy work of contending against the work of God.

Thus it will continue, until the kingdom of God will triumph, and its dominion extend over the whole earth.

"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

' MAN's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."
Let's carry out the gospel plan,
And speed the Millennial dawn.
And haste the time when war shall cease,
And kindness bear the sway,
To usher in the reign of peace,
The bright Millennial day.

Man long has fought his fellow-man,
And filled the world with woe;
And blood in torrents ever ran
We to our sorrow know.
The law of hate; the way to fight
The nations all have learned,
No matter, whether wrong or right
The way of peace have spurned.

The greatest warriors in their day
Were lauded to the skies;
Who killed the most in sanguine fray
Obtained the highest prize!
And splendid monuments now raised
Perpetuate their name:
With hero-worship all were crazed
Mid fire, sword and flame.

The fruits of angry war and strife
On every hand are seen;
And millions yielded up their life
O'er all the world's domain,
And widows, orphans, have been left
In misery to pine:
Of joy and comfort were bereft
Where'er the sun doth shine.

Then, let us sheathe the reeking sword;
Lay down the glittering spear;
And live in peace with one accord,
The time is drawing near
When Jesus will in mighty power
On earth appear again;
The time is nigh: the judgment hour
When He on earth will reign.



A HINDOO GOD.

AN IMAGE OF ADORATION.

WHAT do our little readers think our engraving represents? Is it a monument to some great man, or to remind people of some notable event? No; it is a god of the heathens who live in southern Asia—an immense image of stone which millions of human beings have worshiped and do adore even in this day. This immense figure was carved with the utmost skill of the benighted people who pay respect to it, and cost an incalculable amount of means and a great period of time to construct. But it has well stood the ravages of time and shows very little effects of the elements upon it.

Could any of you readers of the JUVENILE bring yourselves to worship such a hideous figure as this? Could you have faith in this object of stone? You certainly could not. You have felt to some degree the power of the living God. You believe that our Father is capable of hearing, seeing, moving, and has power to answer prayers. You know, if you are living as the Lord has commanded, that you can ask of Him with the assurance that your requests will be granted inasmuch as they will be for your good. Still, the human beings who worship this stone god, are doubtless just as sincere in their belief and false ideas as any of you are in your faith. They probably make as many sacrifices in their incorrect notions as any of us in the true gospel. One has but to read of the self-inflicted tortures, and even death of these pagans, to be convinced of their sincerity. Then will all their sufferings and pains for that which is false count for naught in the great hereafter? Certainly not. They live up to all the light they have thus far received and will be accordingly rewarded. They have sinned because they knew not the law, and they will certainly not be condemned for an unavoidable ignorance. But even these poor Hindoos will yet receive gospel favors. The true plan of salvation will ring in their ears either while they dwell in the flesh or

when they have passed to the abode of spirits, and many will receive the glad message. Who knows but that some who read this article will yet go to these heathen peoples and with their mortal eyes behold the gods of wood and stone which they worship, and unto those deluded souls preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified?

MISSIONARY OBSERVATIONS.

THE Prophet Jeremiah in describing the manner in which Israel should be gathered in the last days after they had received double for all their sins; uses the following language:

"Behold I will send for many fishers and they shall fish them, and after that I will send for many hunters and they shall hunt them from the hills and from the mountains and from the holes in the rocks."

In those days fishing was done by means of a net by which a large number of fishes were often secured at a single draught. Of course in hunting men never expect to obtain beasts of prey in large numbers, but would think it a successful hunt if two or three could be secured.

The striking analogy this bears to the labors of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ in the early days of its history and at the present time must be apparent to the most careless observer.

Nearly fifty years ago an Elder of this Church was descending the Alleghany river, intending to follow the course of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers till he reached Nauvoo. Stopping his canoe for night near Pittsburg, he was surprised next morning to find his vessel frozen in, so he was unable to proceed. He therefore resolved to make the best of it. Having obtained a comfortable house for his family to lodge in he began preaching the gospel as opportunity afforded. In the course of the winter and spring about one hundred members were added to the Church as the result of his labors.

During the past three and a half years

from two to twelve Elders have been laboring in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Northern West Virginia, which comprises the Pennsylvania Conference; and their converts or baptisms would not far exceed that number. It would seem that not only have the fishers done their work but that that of the hunters was nearing completion. It is the "gleaning of grapes when the vintage is done."

Some of those now being brought into the fold have once been identified with the Church and have fallen or tarried by the wayside; while many of this class are our most bitter enemies. This is more especially the case in the vicinity of the places associated with Church history. Like the once growing branches of a thrifty tree the winds and storms of temptation have torn them from the roots from which they once drew their spiritual life and left them to wither and perish on the parched desert of doubt.

Sorrowful and deplorable has been their lot. Paul describes their class fully in the sixth, also the tenth chapter of Hebrews. In the latter he says:

"For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the *knowledge* of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins,

"But a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversary.

"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses:

"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace? * *

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Such men have received not only the "testimony of two or three witnesses" but the actual power of regeneration and sanctification through "the spirit of grace" which has shown to them with a perfect knowledge of the efficacy of the "blood of the covenant" and the authority of heaven which has brought them deliverance from the chains of darkness.

In turning away from the truth they have counted this an "unholy thing," they prefer

darkness to light and that which should be light within them is turned to darkness, and the Savior says of such "How great is that darkness."

Their lives, too, are turbulent and unhappy. The sorrows of the damned are often depicted on their very countenances, for they have in this life a literal foretaste of their impending doom.

While traveling in Minnesota, Elder A. E. Johnson and myself formed the acquaintance of a man named Wm. R. Tubbs who had been a member of the "Mormon Battalion." He said he had never belonged to the Church but had married a "Mormon girl." This was done against the wish of all her true friends, and the teaching of her religion, as I learned afterwards that Mr. Tubbs had not borne a good character besides being an unbeliever of the gospel. He was more kind to us, however, and seemed sincere in saying he would be glad to have us stop with him, but that his family were unwilling and he feared their disaffection. He settled in Minnesota about 1858, probably the belief that Johnston's army would destroy our people had driven him from Utah. But like all who seek peace by deserting God, this unhappy family found what they had sought to avoid. They left the habitation of peace and found the abode of turmoil and unrest. Soon after the war of secession began he was drafted into the Union army. Feeling no interest in the strife he avoided going to war by paying a bounty of \$300.00 with which he hired a substitute. This money he had to borrow at a high rate of interest and has never been able to liquidate the debt. He told me he had paid out about \$600.00 interest on it and the principal yet remained unpaid and still demanding its yearly usury. His eldest daughter had married a man who proved to be a worthless drunkard and had returned with her child to the paternal roof being unable to endure his treatment.

While visiting relatives near Kirtland, Ohio, one of them a widow (whose husband had been killed as she said by a railroad acci-

dent two years previous to my visit) told me her husband had once determined on "joining the Mormons" about the time they were leaving Kirtland for Missouri. When he told her his intention she told him she would leave him if he did so. He was thus called upon to choose between leaving his earthly all to obey his honest convictions, or to forsake his duty to God and cleave to an unbelieving wife. The words of the Savior must have rung in his ears: "Whosoever will not forsake all for my sake and the Kingdom of Heaven is not worthy of me." It was the one moment of his life upon which would hinge his eternal destiny, the one grand opportunity to prove his devotion to his Maker and to right. But unfortunately he proved unequal to the trial, the balances found him wanting, the gospel crucible proved him to be dross. The sequel showed to him how deceptive the allurements, and how small are the wages of the tempter. The woman for whom he had deserted the cause of God proved to be the chief factor in rendering his life one of unhappiness and misery. So great was his domestic infelicity that according to his daughter's statement he purposely threw himself on the railroad track in order to end his trouble. His only daughter (who made this averment) had married a man who became deranged and she lived in constant fear of being murdered by his hand.

These are by no means isolated cases. I never found a single case where apostasy had brought aught but sorrow, or where neglect to come out of Babylon had been productive of happiness to any who had received the warning voice. Those to whom the light of the divine message has never come, will be judged only by the portion of light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world" by that portion of His spirit which "is given to every man to profit withal." They will be punished only for the commission of acts which their conscience (which is that portion of His spirit which Paul tells us is "given to every man to profit withal") teaches them

is wrong. But when God sends a message to His children as He did through Noah, through His Son, or through Joseph Smith, then the condemnation that resteth upon the world is that "light is come into the world and they receive not that light." The gospel reveals to man his duty to his Maker and the omission of that duty becomes transgression.

S. F. D.

GREAT WRITERS AS CONVERSERS.

IT IS said that neither Pope nor Dryden was brilliant in conversation—the one being too "saturnine and reserved," and the other too much a friend of the author of the *Essay of Man*.

Neither Addison nor Cowper shone in society, and the same is true of the celebrated French authors, Descartes, Moliere, La Fontaine and Buffon. Addison, indeed, could talk charmingly to one or two friends, but he was shy and absent before strangers. To use his own happy metaphor, he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket.

Hume's writings were so superior to his conversation, that Horace Walpole used to say that he understood nothing till he had written upon it.

Goldsmith was a blundering converser, and showed hardly a spark of the genius that blazes through his writings. Occasionally he blurted out a good thing, as when he applied to Johnson's sayings, in one of Cibber's plays; "There is no arguing with Johnson, for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks down his adversary with the butt end of it." But generally he "talked like poor Poll," and when he made an accidental hit, soon neutralized its effects by saying something very foolish.

Neither Corneille, the great French dramatist, nor Marmontel, the novelist, were masters of the intellectual foils.

Nicolle said of a sparkling wit; "He

vanquishes me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the stairs."

The eloquent Rosseau, whose writings have bewitched thousands, confessed that when forced to open his mouth he infallibly talked nonsense, "I hastily gobble over a number of words without ideas, happy only when they chance to mean nothing; thus endeavoring to conquer or hide my incapacity. I rarely fail to show it."

The witty Charles II., who was so charmed with the humor of Hudibras that he caused himself to be introduced privately to the author, found Butler an intolerably dull companion. He was confident that so stupid a fellow never wrote a book. The Earl of Dorset, who sought an interview with the great satirist, was similarly disappointed. Taking three bottles of wine with him, he found the poet dull and heavy after the first had been drained, somewhat sparkling after the second bottle, and, after the third more stupid and muzzy than ever. "Your friend," said the earl, after he had left with his introducer, "is like a nine pin—small at both ends, and great in the middle."

THE BOOK OF MORMON LAND.

XII.--Land of Zarahemla.



THE cities of Judea, Antiparah, Cume-ni and Zeezrom, we believe, were situated in what is now the Cauca valley. This valley lies just west of the Magdalena, and on the west approaches within forty miles of the Pacific, from which it is separated by the western Cordilleras, which are noted for their difficult passage. No good passes exist in this range, and those who would go over them must either walk or submit to be carried on the backs of men, as the mountains are so steep that they are inaccessible to beasts of burden. From Helaman's description of the country it seems that there were other cities west of where he was, as he speaks

of a city lying on the borders near the sea shore.

Hagoth's ship yards seem to have been located on the west side of the isthmus, somewhere on the gulf of San Meguel or the Rio Darien which empties into it. This spot affords a good anchorage for vessels, while in other parts of Panama Bay no such place as a good harbor exists.

These locations, as well as those we have made in our former articles, are with the understanding that the conformation of the country is about the same today as it was anciently. Some students and writers on this subject do not accept this, claiming that at the crucifixion, the whole aspect of the country was changed, portions of the land were raised from beneath the sea, and smiling plains, cultivated fields and verdant hills were engulfed and became part of the bed of the ocean; plains became immense mountain ranges, and hills and mountains became plains, etc. Thus the whole land was changed, and the geography of the world made anew. To us the changes recorded in the Book of Mormon were not so sweeping. Of course there were changes, some cities were engulfed, others were covered with mountains of lava and in their place were hills and valleys. Rocks were rent in twain and were left in broken seams and fragments, many roads were broken up and many smooth places became rough, and because of these changes the earth was deformed. Who will say that these are not the results of violent earthquakes even in our own day? But the general aspect of the country remains the same. The ocean waves break on the same shores, the mountains and valleys bear the same relative positions to each other, and the rivers flow seaward through their old channels.

The following remarkable changes are recorded as taking place in the recent earthquakes in Costa Rica: "Structures that had once been enduring creations of solid masonry are reduced to a mass of rubbish. Apparently enduring walls may topple over at any moment—nay, one feels that the very ground

or walks may give way beneath the feet and entomb one in the most horrible depths. Where yesterday were green fields of waving sugar-cane or coffee trees, or pastures on which cattle browsed peacefully, all have gone, utterly vanished with all that was living or blooming, with man and his habitation, beast and growing crops, roads, fields and murmuring streams. In their stead is only the awesomeness of their brown, barren earth, like that of an upturned grave. Every landmark, every feature of topography is obliterated. Dead earth rises into hills where a few hours ago the eye looked away over the far-stretching plain, or expands into level dreariness where for centuries had been only verdure-clad hills."

Has not that region been *deformed*, and yet we know the old mountains are there, the same valleys, the same rivers, the same bays are there as before.

"But," says one, "no cities were sunken beneath the sea, nor were any covered with mountains of earth, therefore the changes were not so great as anciently." True, but history records such events. In the great earthquake at Lisbon, a portion of that city was sunken and water came up in its place, but the general appearance of that region was unchanged. Pompeii was buried beneath a mountain of lava and in its place were hills and valleys, yet Vesuvius is there still and the bay of Naples washes the same shores that it did before. We have heard it said that the Dead Sea now occupies the spot where Sodom and Gomorrah stood; if so, there must have been similar convulsions in Palestine that are recorded in this land. Yet we know nothing of the coast line of the adjoining seas having changed ever so little.

Now, we think that great changes on this continent would also produce changes elsewhere. If the sea encroached on these shores there would be a corresponding receding on the shores of Europe and Africa, from the fact that no such changes are recorded, incline us to the opinion that they have never taken place. We have known the coast of

America now for three hundred and fifty years, in all that time we know of no changes on its coast, only slight upheavals, the result of earthquakes, and these are confined to very narrow limits. Human remains and crockery and gold ornaments have been found on the west coast of South America covered with several feet of alluvial deposit, and it is claimed that to form this deposit it has been a part of the bed of the ocean and now raised again, but we have no definite proof of this, we know that that region is liable to tidal waves caused by earthquakes so common in that country. Were not these sufficient in long ages to form the alluvial deposit referred to?

While we believe there were no very great changes in the physical and geographical aspect of the country, we think it very probable that changes have taken place in the climates of different sections. Take, for instance, the region around Lake Titicaca. That section is cold and inhospitable, its productions are very meagre, and it is clear that its frozen soil could not now sustain a large population such as swarmed through its valleys anciently, but under a genial sun and a more temperate climate it could easily sustain millions. It is our opinion that the rainfall is much greater there now than formerly, and that it is this almost constant rainfall that has caused the change in climate. Here in Utah we know that heavy rains in this mountain region, even in our summer months, are followed by frosts, let these rainfalls be of daily and nightly occurrence, and our mountain peaks would be coated with perpetual snow, and our lovely land be transformed into a cold, inhospitable waste.

That rainfall was less abundant anciently than now is evident from the fact that the land was subject to drouth. We are told that in all the land of Ishmael there was but one watering place. Not so now. Then there was a time of drouth when no rain fell in all the land for a space of three years, and the earth became a parched and barren waste. Nothing of this kind has taken place in the three hundred and fifty years that the country

has been known to us. These climatic changes are not new events in the world's history, they have taken place from the earliest times to the present and are constantly going on. It is said that when Greece was first settled it was a cold, uninviting region. Greenland is said to have once enjoyed a temperate climate, and we know that our own climate is gradually changing.

Hagath.

TRUE RICHES.

"SEEK not for riches, but for wisdom, and behold the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold he that hath eternal life is rich.—*Doc. and Cov, Sec. 6, ver. 7.*

IN THIS world of spiritual darkness it is natural for mankind to be attracted by, and devoted to what pleases the eye, and tickles the ear, and feeds the carnal mind and body. The faith which men have in the divine and supernatural reverts back in its exercise to bygone ages. "They build the sepulchres of the dead prophets but reject the living ones," exemplifies the benighted condition of the human mind. Pure principles do not harmonize with the faults and failings of fallen humanity. They who preach for hire and divine for money are not inclined to offer their pulpits, and the presence of their congregations, to the humble servant of the Lord who delivers his message of life without "purse or scrip," and invites all, without distinction of class, to come and partake of the waters of life freely. The young man who went to the Savior for counsel about the plan of salvation, prided himself in having kept the ten commandments from his youth up, but went away sorrowful, when advised to sell his possessions, give to the poor, and follow Christ. It struck a blow at his selfish propensity which he would not endure. Few indeed, there are who have ever complied with these doctrines: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," "And if any man will sue thee

at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." Yet such was the example of the Great Redeemer, as well as His precept, and of whom it is said that He was perfect in all His ways, and "in whose mouth there was found no guile."

The tree is known by the quality of its fruit, so the conditions resulting from each course of life in every age, show to the youth of Zion the necessity of storing the mind with useful knowledge, and imparting the same by word and deed for the welfare and advancement of the human family. Look back over the pages of history and learn what path has been trod by those whose names are cherished by posterity with love and esteem, and who are pointed to as "beacon lights upon the shores of history." Is it the mighty warrior who has conquered his fellow-beings by the force of military power; or the humble and the meek, who by example and precept, have taught peace on earth and to man good will?

It is said of Alexander the Great that he conquered the world and "then sat down and wept that there were not more worlds to conquer." The Savior of mankind did no violence, yet he conquered himself and by the sacrifice of his own life, gained the victory over death, hell and the grave. He is our pattern in all things. But we need not take as examples of contrast the earthly monarchs, the Savior or His holy prophets. It is sufficient to mention the poet, the philosopher, the historian and the inventor, to show that the fruits of their lives and labors have tended to increase the happiness of mankind, while the haughty monarch, the wealthy miser, or the worldly man, who has lived for himself only, has in nearly all instances spread misery, and left a name of insignificance or of shame.

Washington Irving one of the greatest of American authors, after visiting Westminster Abbey, describes his visit to "The Poet's Corner" in the following language:

"I passed some time in Poet's Corner which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the Abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active and immediate.

"He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyment, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory, for he has left an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language."

The above sentiments are truly grand, not so much because of the sweet language in which they are clothed as because they embody plain, simple truth. If, by cherishing the sentiments embodied in the writings of such authors as Irving, and, accepting as an impetus to a life of usefulness the labors of such men as Stephenson, Morse, and other public benefactors, would improve mankind and lift the world to a higher standard, what a boundless field of progress is presented by our Heavenly Father to the sons and daughters of Zion.

Added to the benefits derived from the writings and discoveries of the notable men of every age, we have the knowledge that God inspired them in all the good they accomplished; that He is the Great Author, and to Him be the honor and the glory. The world may not acknowledge this, but the Latter-day Saints by so doing are inspired with loftier aspirations to accomplish good, by serving Him who is the Author of all truth and who holds in His hands the riches

of eternal life. But beyond this, we have received the witness that Joseph Smith was raised up a Prophet of the Lord to this generation, and through whom the everlasting gospel in all its primitive beauty and power has been restored to man. A knowledge of which we have received by obedience to the laws and ordinances thereof. This the world do not possess and cannot without humble submission to the same laws.

Knowledge and wisdom are elements of power in countless ways. The Prophet Joseph said that the knowledge we obtain in this life will rise with us in the resurrection. That the Saints might be left without excuse, the Lord has commanded that His servants,

"Teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best of books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study and also by faith.

"Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God that are expedient for you to understand; of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land, and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms.

"Become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people."

A full compliance with this divine injunction, would make us more perfectly acquainted with the gospel; with the laws and regulations of Bishop's Courts, High Councils, and every form of Church government. Of civil government in our own and other nations, states, republics, empires, and kingdoms, in all the world. The languages spoken by the various nations, the history of the world from the beginning, religious, political, and otherwise, astronomy, physiology, zoology, geology, botany, agriculture, mechanism, and every other science in all its branches pertaining to the heavens, and the earth, the seas and the fountains of water, with all that in them is. This may appear to be an impossible task, but the Lord never

commands, without making obedience possible. If the lesson assigned is never studied, it will never be mastered. If we never begin to climb we shall never reach the summit.

In the research for truth the youth of Israel should ever keep in memory that the things of God are only understood by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit, and to enjoy the presence and companionship of that Spirit lives of purity must be maintained, for the Spirit dwelleth not in unclean temples. Thus if we become educated as Saints of the Most High, we are of necessity more completely schooled than the outside world, for they may graduate in schools of human learning, where the mental and the physical man is trained, but the moral sentiments are neglected. While with us it requires the education of the whole soul. "The spirit and the body is the soul of man." "For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element inseparably connected, receiveth a fullness of joy; and when separated man cannot receive a fullness of joy." It is evident therefore that a complete exaltation and a fullness of the highest glory cannot be attained, where the mental and the physical man are educated, no matter how perfectly, when the spirit is not schooled in the plan of salvation.

We have in the world men of bright and cultured intellects, and men of fine physical powers. But are they righteous because of their learning? No. Many of them are criminals, and why? Because while educated in body and mind, the spirit has been neglected, dwarfed and degraded. In this condition many have attained to the wealth of the world and the honors of men; but the wealth they acquire is fleeting. The honors of men will canker and rust, and those who live for such riches alone, will find themselves in the great hereafter, like the rich man, who turned afflicted Lazarus hungry from his door, poor indeed. On the other hand, by properly educating the spirit and the body, by applying to them the spirit and laws of the gospel of Christ, though poor in purse,

and despised of men, we may receive and enjoy, "without compulsory means," the glorious riches of eternal life. *M. F. C.*

CORRECT GOVERNMENT.

MAN, in and of himself, is naturally a vain and foolish being, but when he puts himself in a position to receive divine guidance and instruction, he may become a wonderful power for good, both to himself and to others.

His inherent qualities, known as his attributes, are susceptible of vast and glorious development and attainments, but in order that this may be the case, he must be in unison with God, and in harmony with the perfect plan of human redemption and happiness. No matter how profound our intellectual gifts may be, if our motives be not controlled by wisdom and truth, we may make but a very poor record for good, and a very dark one for sin and evil. How often do we see this exemplified, in every day life, misguided intelligence pandering to things base and corruptible. Hence, how apparent it is that we should be careful to invoke divine wisdom to lead us in all our affairs, so that we may not transgress against God, nor be the means of leading others into bye and forbidden paths. And what is true of man in his individual capacity in this regard, is also true of nations. The wisest, the best equipped, and the most enlightened nations of the earth, are at no time safe or secure without a divine fount of light and wisdom to draw from. The state or nation that will obstinately ignore God in their affairs, and presume to successfully manage everything without His sanction and approval, must eventually go to pieces, for God hath decreed that the wisdom of the wise shall perish, and the understanding of the prudent shall be hid. History is very clear, in relation to God's method of dealing with nations that have despised Him, and furnishes us very

profitable lessons to guide us. From these lessons it is obvious that both church and state must partake of the benefits of immediate revelation, or they stand on dangerous ground. Hence we say that every system of society, that is not organized by divine approval, and sustained by a power greater than man's must pass away.

But this saving means of grace, open only to man in times of gospel light, and divine authority, has always been very unpopular, and in consequence of this, men, have, as a rule, rejected the counsels of inspired men. The awful consequences of this rejection are too well known to need recital here. Rivers of blood have flowed, mountains of misery have had to be scaled, and volumes of anguish have been written in human hearts to please and satisfy the vanity of those who have ruled unrighteously in Satan's dark dominions.

We now come to a point in our remarks where a brief consideration of the better and higher form of government is in order, viz., the theocratic, or divine form.

This is the only legitimate government, and the only arrangement that will cover all our varied wants with righteousness. When God speaks we know it is right, and we say, amen. Every man will be in his proper place, and every law will be righteously administered here. There will be no dread of partial judgment or of tyrants abuse, intended to make us cower and tremble, under this system. Life will be its watchword, and life eternal its motto. The Prince of Peace and not the prince of darkness, will be master here. The earth will rejoice with hope of deliverance, and her groans be changed into everlasting strains of joy. An era of redemption has dawned, where justice will be put to the line, and righteousness to the plummet. All rejoice under equal rights and privileges, and truth and freedom, man's eternal heritage, are again on all freely bestowed. Governments need now no longer wrangle, or have envyings of this or that possession, for they are all the Lord's property and acknowledged as such. The white flag of peace waves wel-

come to all, and is owned supreme over all the earth.

Then, and not till then, will love, peace, equity, unity and justice prevail, and the broad golden bands of common brotherhood be properly and securely welded. And may God in His infinite love and mercy, speed this favored, happy time, and prepare us to stand the various tests needed to fit us to be just ministers in Christ's kingdom when He shall come to establish His theocracy, and rule as King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

J. C.

INFLUENCE.

NO HUMAN being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? our own or others? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life.

IMMODEST words admit of no defence,
For want of modesty is want of sense.

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See the multitude now gathered
To commemorate the day
When our fathers pioneered—
God, He led the way.
Hail! All hail!
Hail to the glorious day
When our fathers pioneered—
God, He led the way.

Long this day shall be remembered,
Long shall celebrated be,
As the day when God led Israel
Through the raging sea.
Hail! All hail!
Thus shall all Israel say,
Praise to God who brought us hither,
Hail the glorious day!

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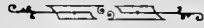
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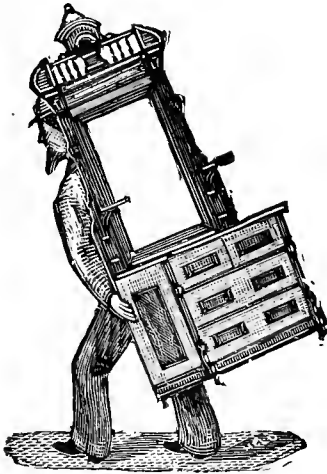
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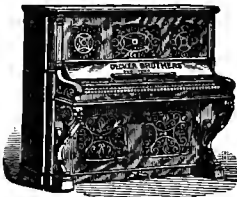
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